

GREEN BOOK

1958

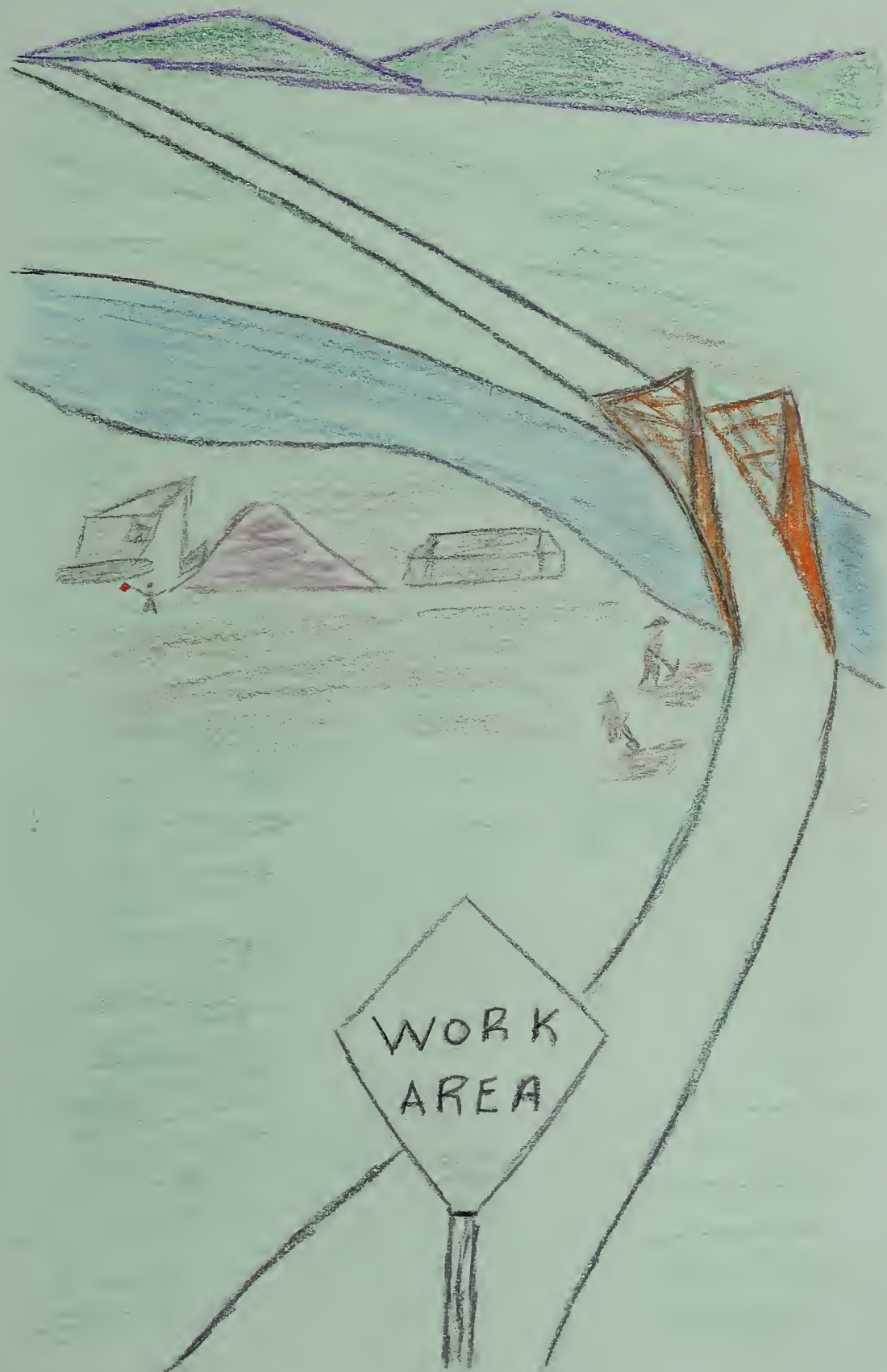


TABLE OF CONTENTS

DEDICATION

EDITORIAL

Bruce Reeves

ACADEMIC

The Catalogue	Sue Allen
According to Me	Elaine Lynch
What is College	Meredith DeBow
What is College Spirit	Elaine Lynch
I Guess I'll Drowze Around	Richard Mann
Precisely the Right Word	Marvin Balwitt

RELIGION

The Crossroads	Raphael Dale
A Heritage to be Thankful For	Gerry Lou Wesche
Thanksgiving is This	Grace Hoekstra
Thanks for What?	Ernest Miller
The Inadequacy of Words	Helen Fleagal
First Light	Ernest Miller

SOCIAL

A College Roomie	Bob Cornell
Next Week is Abolishing Birthdays Week	Vera Hall
On Winter	Joyce Tolzda
A Yankee Coincidence	Chuck Acheson
Cold for March	Grace Hoekstra
Help!	Ranae Blackwell
The Big Assignment	Willa Jenkins
Miami Moon	Marvin Balwitt
County Seat on Saturday Night	Grant Swank
Dugout, Take Notice	Bruce Reeves
Why Won't You Laugh?	Richard Irving
Flight Fright	Pat Lockwood
The Amazing Bloop Machine	David Lindsey
As a Potato Eyes It	Dan Daisley
Description of an Alligator Hunt	William Jones

FRESHMAN FEATURES

FRESHMAN SUPERLATIVES

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DEDICATION



To one without whom
this book would not be possible;

To one who, through her scholarship
and sympathetic nature, has
inspired us to higher living;

To one whom we will greatly miss because
She will no longer be with us;

To you,

Mrs. Helen Rothwell

We gratefully dedicate this

1958 GREENBOOK

EDITORIAL

Having almost completed our first year in college, we, the Freshman class of 1958, have scarcely begun our short but important journey in the pursuit of higher academic achievement. This goal once attained, we must venture upon the highway of non-academic life. While in college, and more important while traveling along life's way, we must be constantly watchful for the signs which will direct our paths.

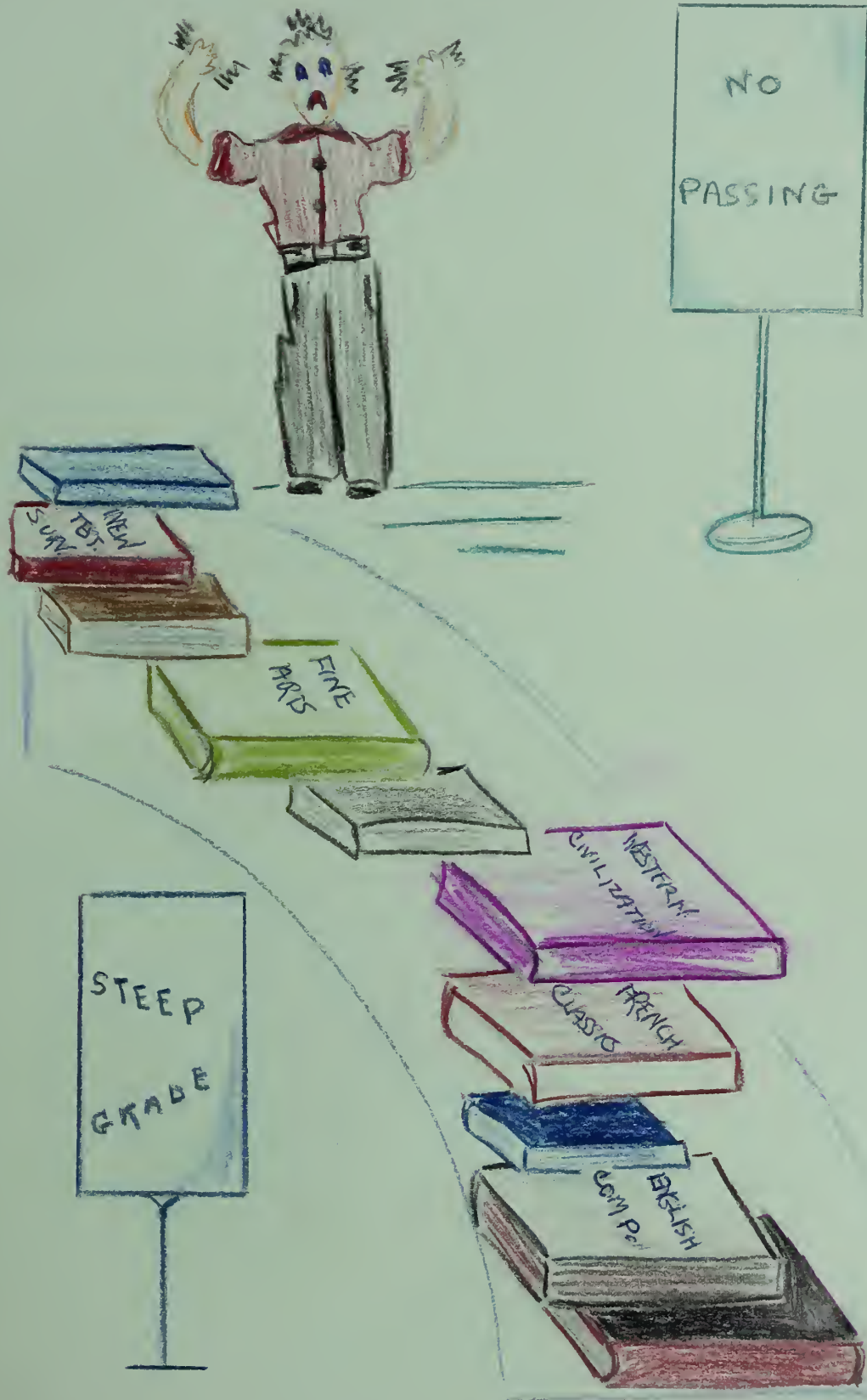
In our lives thus far we have been confronted with important decisions, all of which have been accompanied by at least one guidepost indicating the right direction. These milestones are not always readily apparent, but the observing traveler will nevertheless discover them.

In the classrooms we have recognized the marker of example as each professor became our ideal of Christ-like living. On the athletic field we became aware of the signpost of traditional good sportsmanship. In our social relationships we observed the guide to ethical living. In every aspect of our lives we have learned better to adhere to the pattern set by Him who not only points the way, but is The Way.

Yes, in our freshman year we have learned to watch for the signs along the way. We have either heeded or ignored them. Whatever our choice, they have greatly influenced our lives at Eastern Nazarene and will continue

their sway: Till we shall be lifted, rejoicing by night;
 Till we join with the planets who choir their delight.
 The signs in the streets and the signs in the skies
 Shall make a new Zodiac, guiding the wise,
 And our way made one with that marvelous stair
 That is climbed by the rainbow-clad spirits of prayer.

Bruce Pearce



THE CATALOGUE

"In New England stands a college near blue Quincy Bay. "

This is the campus of Eastern Nazarene College, which "consists of about thirteen acres of beautiful park within two blocks of Wollaston Beach. " Reading on, one also finds that situated nearby are the Blue Hills, which make conducive the study of nature and wild life in their natural habitat. This is the general information to you, the prospective E. N. C. student, upon reading a catalog. However, the old saying that there is always more than meets the eye could very appropriately be inserted at this particular time. To the young men and women who live, study, and socialize on this campus, E. N. C. has become more than a mere "thirteen acres of beautiful park. "

Let's take a walk and survey the buildings and surroundings of the campus. Upon entering the campus, your first observation would be the Fowler Memorial Administration Building which is more commonly known to E. N. C. ers as the "Ad. " Here, our catalog states, is "modern three-story fireproof structure housing the offices of the administration, the science laboratories, and class rooms. " However, the Ad building performs other important functions. One finds it an ideal location to meet the gang, just the place for a drink of water between classes, terrific for hanging signs telling where and when, posters telling what and who, and a full-sized cartoon (not of our President) during "rush" day, especially Sigma Sam's.

Leaving the "Ad" building, we next notice Munro Hall, which once more our catalog tells us is a "four-story brick structure with accommodations for one-hundred, seventy women." Ah, ha! but there is much, much more, new prospective student, for here is the common meeting place of all who reside at this institution. This is the "soup bowl" of the campus, for here your daily nourishment will be supplied, as well as social programs and a multitude of other activities. Included once a year is Open House during which you, if you are a male student, are allowed to enter into the opposite sex's' abodes and discern how the feminine half of the campus live. They, in turn, are just as curious and are permitted the same revelation.

Moving on we approach Memorial Hall, "a men's dormitory erected in memory of those who served in World War II." This three-story structure houses the male population of our school. Located in the lower part of the building we find several ping-pong tables where the fellows find escape during exam time. Other added attractions are a student lunch room, (explanation of which will follow later on,) and a large recreation area. Down in the basement we find a very small, insignificant looking room where you will spend a great deal of time and money on books, pencils, note-books, E.N.C. emblems and other unnecessary necessities.

Mentioned above was the student lunch room located in Memorial Hall. This, dear future student, is our escape. I mentioned before the money you will spend in our book store. Suffice it to say, you will spend more money here than you ever dreamed of spending in a book store. Big, juicy hamburgers, complete with every possible topping, plus extra thick

milk shakes are few of the goodies available from our own kitchens.

Here you will discover the most modern, progressive ways to spend your hard-earned cash. Titled "The Dug Out," it is well christened for at the Dug Out one literally "digs" deep down into the pocket, especially the men of our population.

Catty-cornered from Memorial we find Canterbury Chapel which again our catalog describes as "a large hall containing room for 250 persons." Here is where our future Brahmses and Beethovens spend their long, laborious hours of practice. Here, the members of the ACappella Choir succeed very nicely in presenting a delightful 7:30 a.m. concert every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday of the week. In conjunction with the concerts is the guaranteed promise of rousing each student to the lilt of beautiful music. Clock radios need never be used again! Here too, Miss Connors' voice students give free matinees daily. You need only stand beneath the window, and if you live across the street in Memorial Hall, you need only to open the window. No one building possesses such many-sided virtues; piano, voice, and instrument, all progressing at the same time, at different tempo, and all under the same roof.

You have read the outside story, dear student. I have endeavored to bring you the inside story--one that you could never see through the eyes of a catalog.

Sue Allen

prepared, I found the tests challenging and I enjoyed them. But I didn't dare tell any of my classmates that. She was the type of teacher you weren't supposed to like.

It was a relief to leave English and go to French II class. "Doc" was our professor. What a great guy he was! He spent half the period telling jokes and the other half trying to maintain order long enough to take the roll and distribute books. There were assignments given, but he seldom collected them, so why should I bother to do them? But by force of habit I usually had the lesson prepared. (I did that while gulping my lunch.) Students recited every day. At least, I guess you could call it reciting, although they gave the most free French translations I have ever heard. Doc's tests were a laugh. I never had to worry, or to study. If anyone forgot a vocabulary word, Doc would tell it to him. The class sounded more like a discussion group than a group taking a test. The course was a snap. Doc was our pal. He'd never fail anyone. I loved him... or did I?

The glorious day of graduation came and went. Soon I left for college. Among my college subjects were listed English and advanced French. I had had only one class in French before I became good and scared. The assignment was long and so hard. I almost cried that first night. I feared I would never get through that course. English? It was so strange. I knew the work was college level, yet it all came so easily! I'm not so stupid that I couldn't see why this was so. I had known all along that I was getting wonderful training in English, while

wasting my time in French, but it came as quite a shock to me to find just how true that was, and to what a great extent!

There are two kinds of teachers. According to me, there are those who are worth their weight in gold, and those who are enemies, not friends, of the students.

Elaine Lynch

WHAT IS COLLEGE SPIRIT?

What is college spirit? It surges through your blood and holds you captive in its power. It makes you feel compelled to attend every football game and cheer at the top of your lungs, even though you are hoarse for the next twenty-four hours. It's that something in you that makes you flair up in defense when you hear your beloved campus degraded. It's the cause for the sudden surge of pride that engulfs you as you join your class in singing the Alma Mater. It is the reason for that shameless tear that rolls down your cheek on that final graduation day. College spirit is all of this, because it is the love you hold for that temporary home that gave you so much.

Claine Lynch

WHAT IS COLLEGE?

Essentially, college is a place in which students learn from each other. Here in one locality or one institution is a conglomeration of students representing many different backgrounds. Consequently, there is bound to be a clash in ideas, thoughts, motives, opinions, and so forth. There need be no clash, however, if students are willing to accept each other's ideas to a degree that enables them to live with each other peaceably and learn from one another; they can, in this way, appreciate the fact that it takes a blending of many different outlooks to make progress in the world.

I GUESS I'LL DROWZE AROUND

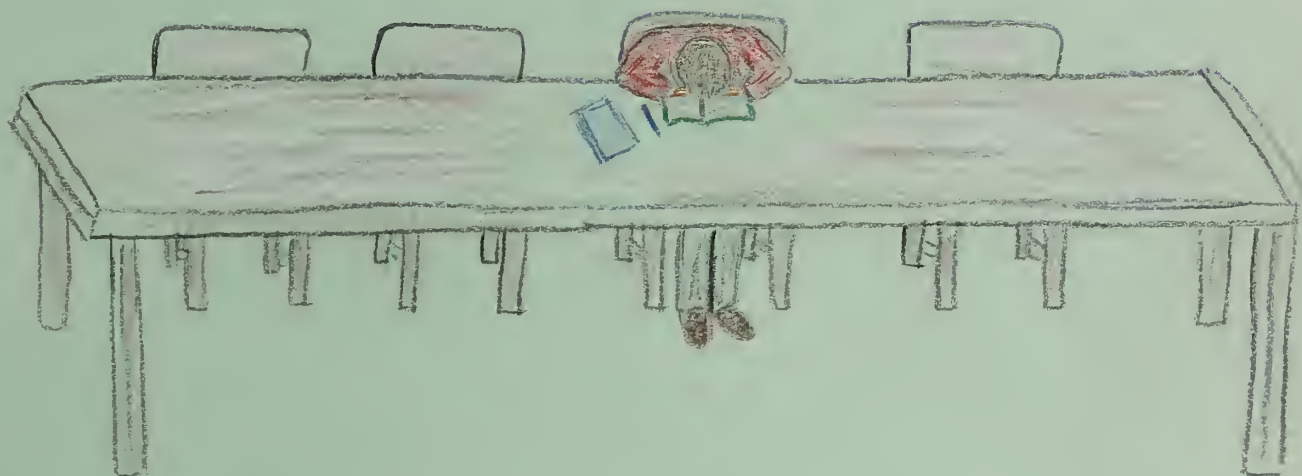
It was about four-thirty when I entered the library. I had slept since two o'clock and didn't as yet have complete control of my faculties. The first thing I bumped into was the big dictionary on the left. I decided I had better sit down somewhere so I successfully navigated myself into a chair in the periodicals room. When my head finally cleared, I remembered the assignment: "Spend at least one hour in the library acquainting yourself with its various divisions, etc. Pay particular attention to the catalogs and reference rooms. Then write a brief report of your experience."

I was all set to "browse around" for an hour when the idea "hit" me: "Why spend an hour looking around a library you're already familiar with? Why not start right in writing?" Good idea. After all, I had used the card catalog system and did know something about the alphabetical and topical arrangements, and knew a "little bit" about the Dewey Decimal and Cutter numbering systems. Then too, I had, on occasion, gone to the reference room to use the Reader's Guide or vertical file to locate magazine articles or pamphlets for some "brief" reports commonly called term papers. Sure, why not start in writing?

So I did. I walked down by the reserve book stacks and took a left turn up the stairs to one of the senior booths. I began writing and had just finished the first paragraph when I asked myself: "Am I doing justice to myself and this assignment?" I decided I'd better think about this for a minute or two. Being the type of person who thinks best with his eyes closed I put my head down on the desk-top: "Now, what was I to think about?..... I'll rest just a minute and then begin to think. Boy, this chair sure is comfortable.!" The next thing I knew, someone was tapping me on the shoulder. "Library's closed now 'till seven o'clock. I panicked."

After supper I had commitments which would take up my evening. What was I to do? I re-read the assignment: Write a brief report of your experience in the library.... Well, this is my experience.

Richard H. Mann

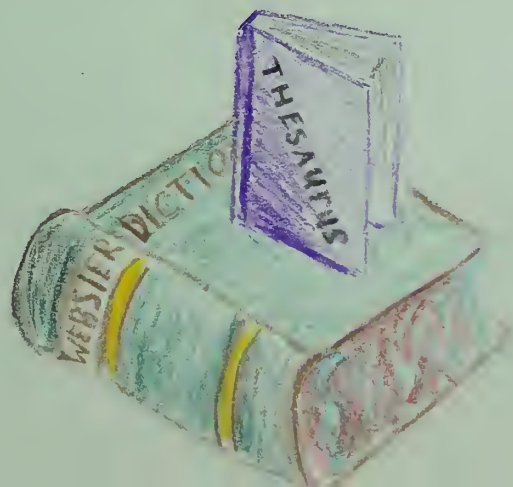


PRECISELY THE RIGHT WORD

The essence of clear, concise written communication is derived completely from an author's ability to convey his thoughts, emotions, and sensory feelings to his readers. There are definite processes and techniques employed by a writer in order to be effectively read and understood. He must conform to the standard grammatical and structural writing forms and endeavor to have an equality of significant facts and purposeful details. It is essential that the degree of emphasis on a point be in proportion to the import of an idea in order to create the desired perspective. Although usage of precisely the right words is not as obviously contributory to superior writing as flawless mechanics and editing, it is assuredly necessary.

Through his basic education, a writer may become well acquainted with the fundamentals of writing. But it requires cosmopolitan experiences to enable him to write on varied subjects in an authoritatively convincing manner. The acquiring of this working knowledge of a broad vocabulary enables an individual to express himself exactly as he wishes. He is able to use the appropriate shades of meaning, connotations, and figures of speech which can enrich and clarify his writings.

In cultivating a desirably wide-ranged mental file of words, a person can be assisted by reading extensively and by associating with a class of people who naturally make use of our expressive language



heritage. Consciously putting forth an effort to retain the meanings of unfamiliar words that are encountered in the context of a book or conversation is valuable self-discipline and self-education. Whenever opportunity arises, it is beneficial to use the newly-learned words that fit well. This practice aids in memorization and helps to enlarge permanently one's verbal resources.

Although vocabulary extension cannot reach a point of saturation, a literary master may become quite dexterous in the manipulation of words and gain recognition and satisfaction for being talented in expressing himself in an easily perceived and fully appreciated manner. A good writer extracts no pleasure in flaunting rare or sesquipedalian words for the sake of impressing his readers. It is the exclusive purpose of a professional author to use words which are the best vehicles for his ideas. Writing of this level is then left unhampered by useless verbosity and clumsy repetition. The end result is a product which has the qualities of beauty for its simplicity and clarity for its concisiveness.

Marvin B. Balwit



THE CROSSROADS

Let us pause a moment from our many tasks and go for a stroll. Let us walk down that well-worn trail called the "Road of Life."

As we stroll down this path, we begin to notice our surroundings. On either side of us are the misty, foggy hills of uncertainty. Mist and fog seem to be everywhere--in front of us, on our left, on our right, behind us. The path we have travelled has been a rough path. There have been many streams to ford, many obstacles to overcome, and yet with God's guidance we have fared well.

Suddenly, as we peer, straining to see what is to come before us, we seem to make out a signpost. Yes, there it is. It's very clear now. It is a signpost pointing out the road we should take. We have reached the crossroads.

At the crossroads some of the fog has cleared away and we are able to see better the ways we must choose between. As we gaze at the signpost we notice there are two arrows, each pointing in the opposite direction. On the arrow pointing to the left we see the words "My way" and on the arrow pointing to the right we see the words "God's way." At but a glance we can tell the vast difference between the two.

The road to the left at first appears to be just the road we would want to travel. It is a straight road with no mist, no fog, no streams to ford, no obstacles in sight. Outwardly it appears to be the road to eternal happiness. But wait!! What is that at the end of the road? All that the eye can perceive is darkness. There are big dark ominous clouds at the end of this road. Listen! I can hear cries of agony, pain, and suffering. Let us turn our eyes from this road of "My way."

The road to the right is exactly as the road we have traveled--crooked, foggy, and certainly not an easy road to travel. Yet at the end of this road we can just barely make out a ray of shining light. Our ears can barely pick up the tune of happy song, the sound of happy voices. Is this the road we want to take? Do we want "God's way"?

We all reach a crossroad in the "Road of Life" at some time or another. Are we going to decide on the easy road to the left, or are we going to travel "God's Way" which leads to eternal happiness, even though the road is rough, the obstacles many, and the streams deep?

Rafe Dale



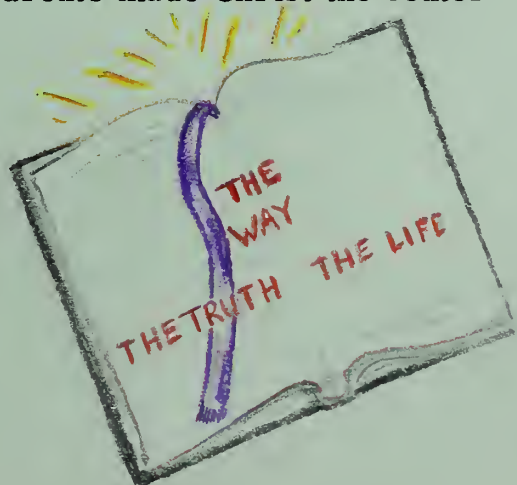
A HERITAGE TO BE THANKFUL FOR

As I look back over the years of my life, I thank God for the wonderful heritage He has given me. Both my religious heritage and my parental heritage have been the very best a person could ask for.

When I stop to think and in my mind survey all the people of this world, the first thing I see is a miracle. This miracle is so close to me it is often hard to see. It is the very fact that God let me be one of the few people in this world to serve Him. Out of the millions of people around the globe who have never even heard of Christianity, I have been put in a place where I can learn of and serve the living God. Why wasn't I born a heathen girl in the darkest part of Africa, where I would have known only fear, and gods of rock and stone? Or I could have been born a poor, unfortunate girl in a war-torn country where the light of God would never have reached me. People often wonder why we don't see miracles today like those in Bible times. But to me, the role God has given me in this life is a miracle in itself.

The factor that has helped me develop my Christian heritage most is my parental heritage. Not only was I born into a Christian society, but also into a Christian home. My parents made Christ the center of their lives, and thus they have been wonderful examples for us children to follow.

The older I get the more traits I can see in my mother and



father that have made them the wonderful examples they are. One of the main factors I can see is the high standards they have held. All of the standards they have taught us children they themselves have always been very consistent about. For instance, take studying on Sunday. Both of my parents went through four years of college, and my father through four years of medical school, without once studying on Sunday. They made the Sabbath a day to rest and commune with the Lord. So when I have been tempted to study on Sunday, I think of how my father held his standard in medical school, and I have life so much easier that certainly I can hold mine.

Another thing my parents have done that has meant so much to me was the building of a family altar. As far back as I can remember, our family has started each day with "family worship." When the family was younger, Daddy would read from a Bible storybook each morning. What I learned from those stories as a small girl has helped me a great deal in my Bible courses in school, and in my own Bible study. Now that we are all older, we each take our own Bibles to "family worship" and study them together. Praying together each day has made us very close as a family, too.

My parents have been a real challenge to me in that their lives have made me want to be the best Christian I can be. And with a heritage such as this, I have a wealth to be thankful for.

Gay Lee Anderson

THANKSGIVING IS THIS

What is Thanksgiving to me? A dinner? A football game? A time of family reunion? A holiday--vacation from school? No, Thanksgiving is much more. Through others I can see the true meaning of Thanksgiving!

To the produce peddler on the corner it is the smell of fresh corn, the spectrum of color created by the summer vegetables, the right to have a push cart and sell his fruit. To the baker down the street it is the fragrance of baking bread, the soft touch of the kneaded dough, the glow of the ovens, the pleasure given to others with the fresh bread.

To the Italian shoemaker on Fourth Street it is the smell of new leather, the hours spent in the night cutting and shaping sturdy shoes, the pride in craftsmanship, the pleasure in seeing the small feet, the big feet, the young feet, the mature feet that he has shod treading happily the pathway of life.

To the carpenter it is the smell of wood shavings, the pride in the ability to use tools, the warm feeling of satisfaction in the building of a house.

To the mason it is the laying of a cornerstone, the building of a wall, the placing of the hearth where good folks will warm themselves.

To the teacher it is the shining faces of forty youngsters repeating the pledge of allegiance, the dawning of understanding in the slow student, the thrill of imparting knowledge, the fellowship between the teacher and the student who desires wisdom.

To the businessman it is the efficiency of a good secretary, the perfection of an IBM machine, the orderly desk drawer, the sounds of work being done.

To the scholar and philosopher Thanksgiving means the right to think, the love of books, the wisdom of the ancients' importance of learning, the search for truth, the meaning to life.

To the doctor is is the smile of the old man with palsy, the gratitude of the young mother, the physical well-being of a teen-ager, the mystery of life.

To the scientist it is the exactness of a chemical formula, the right to experiment, the sudden grasping of an idea, the beauty in mathematics.

To the farmer it is the waving of golden grain, the green pastures and a sparkling stream, the new calf in the barn, the miracle of growth.

To the artist it is the beauty of the rhythm of motion, the grandeur of a snowclad mountain, the simplicity of a blade of grass, the blue of the sky, the colors in a rainbow.

To the musician it is the sound of the thundering of the sea against a rocky shore, the mellow strains of a woman singing as she works, the majesty of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the golden sound of a harp, the thrill in hearing a choir in the sunset.

To the young mother it is the softness of a new baby in her arms, the tiny fingers so perfectly formed, the process of birth, the creation of life.

To the old one it is the memory of other Thanksgivings, the basket of fruit sent by a thoughtful neighbor, the safety of a snug home on a stormy day, the pleasure had in drinking tea from a China cup brought from the motherland, the silent meditation over a favorite psalm, the watching of grandfather and grandmother grow.

To the housewife it is the smell of clean linen, the geraniums in the window, the patina of glowing furniture, the quiet time in mid-morning used for Bible study, the cup of coffee shared with the lonely housewife across the road, the love in the eyes of her family as she sets a tasty table, the trips to the grocer.

To the father it is knowing that his family is being provided for, leading family devotions after the evening meal, feeling that his children respect his decision concerning the course to take in high school, seeing his children grow up straight and strong and loving life.

To the child it is flying a kite on a windy day, doing homework by the fire while toasting marshmallows, listening to rain on the tin roof, playing on the kitchen floor with the gray kitten.

To the immigrant family on the other side of town it is the ability to laugh again, the right to worship in the white-steepled church, the meals that come regularly now, the joy of getting their first papers, the pride in their new flag.

To the preacher it is the soft strains of the organ on Tuesday mornings as the organist practices, the quiet of his study, the full church on Sunday morning, the exuberant testimonies in prayer meeting, the teenage boy who gave his heart and life to Christ on Sunday evening, the glow of color as the sun's rays seek entrance through the stained glass windows, the sweet faith shown by the crippled girl, the presence of Christ in his own life.

To me, it is all of these and more. To me, Thanksgiving is the crying of my soul in praise to my Savior for His goodness to me, for His everlasting power, for His mercies, for His love. To me, Thanksgiving is love, beauty, truth; Thanksgiving is life. To me, Thanksgiving is eternal.

Grace Hoekstra

THANKS FOR WHAT?

Today is Thanksgiving Day! What a laugh I think to myself as my squad leaves the front lines for our turn at the far distant mess tent.

Here I am in the middle of Korea, engulfed with the coldest winter in twenty years. The last twenty-eight days have been spent in mortal combat with the enemy. With pain and death everywhere, I should be happy and thankful. Thankful for what? Because of sub-zero freezing weather that makes the hands and feet of Marines freeze, resembling a frozen shank of beef hanging in a slaughterhouse refrigerator? Or maybe I can be thankful for the enemy with his screaming artillery shells which give you no peace, or his gleaming ten-inch bayonet and the ever-constant whizzing of rifle shells, like flies around an overturned garbage can. Perhaps I can be thankful for the delicious food we receive and the way it helps our numb bodies overcome the bitter cold and gives us the needed strength and energy to go on till the miserable end. But the only energy you get out of a frozen can of C rations is the heat you generate by sweating when you open the can. And if you are lucky enough to pry the frozen can open, you still have to hold your nose to swallow the contents, for almost always it is corned beef hash that tastes like aged leather without salt.

A lot to be thankful for indeed; and on top of all this, there is the ever-present hollow sensation in the pit of your stomach, caused by hunger and fear, mostly by fear. It has been only four short months since we sailed from the States. Just four short months ago we landed in this God-forsaken country filled with death and miserable

destruction. Every one of the four months has seemed like an eternity. Each day is drawn out and topped off with endless, sleepless nights; you fear to sleep lest you lose your life. You can fight the cold weather; you can overcome the nagging pains of hunger that make your stomach feel as if someone took a short piece of bullrope, and twisted it into a huge knot and then dragged it around the inside of your stomach. Even thinking about one poached egg on a piece of warm buttered toast makes you feel weak all over. This and the other various discomforts you may get accustomed to in time, but not to the terrible companion of hunger, fear; this terrible invisible enemy takes over when hunger leaves off. The uncontrollable fear that keeps pounding at your warped mind. Warped by seeing nothing but misery, death and the terrible struggle with the elements of nature. It has you so possessed with fear you find yourself crying over nothing. The terrible fear of dying, forgotten on this frozen worthless continent. Yes, we have a lot to be thankful for!

Arriving at the welcome sight of the huge canvas tent, we stand around in small groups, with gaunt eyes buried in old faces that were once young, staring at the mess tent door. We are supposed to get a feed today, Ha! that sure is a laugh! Three thousand miles from anywhere! How could we have decent food?

A bald-headed mess sergeant with a huge whiskey-red nose sticks his head out of the open flap of the tent and shouts with a voice that sounds like a foghorn off Boston Bay.

"Come and get it, you poor excuses for marines; come and get it before it gets cold. Tom gobbler with all the trimmings, fresh powdered potatoes whipped to a creamy gray, giant-sized peas as large as your kid brother's marbles and just as hard, homemade stuffing, yes sir, homemade stuffing, made in the good old States six months ago and shipped here in the large economy-size cans; oven-fresh bread with all the rich yellow butter to go with it, and strawberry shortcake with big rosy-red strawberries and homemade ice cream in two flavors." Before a well-aimed snowball can pop off that shining dome specked with flour, he ducks back in the tent. He thinks it is a joke---we starving and he blowing off that foghorn about all that delicious food.

As we rush into the tent and fight our way through the tiny door, we are met with the most beautiful sight we ever saw. There, spread out on a table twenty-five feet long, is everything the red-nosed sergeant said and more. It would have made the menu of the Hotel Astoria in New York look small. As we rush for our seats, our eyes bulging and mouths watering, the foghorn voice of the mess-sergeant booms for silence, "The Captain is going to say grace." We all bow our heads and close our eyes as the Captain starts.

"Dear God, I am not much at praying, but today I would like to tell you of my thanks and praise for this wonderful food. Yet, O God, more than for this wonderful food, I want to thank you for these brave-hearted men who are seated here and the ones in the front lines who

are laying down their lives each day and going through misery and suffering that is almost unbearable. Be with them, O God, and bless them; give them the strength and courage to go when there is no more. When the odds are great and courage is failing, touch them and give them the will to go on. We are here fighting because we have to, Dear God; so is the enemy, so help them too, for they have families and loved ones at home. Who are we to say that we are right and they are wrong? Just let this terrible war be over so we all can go home. Bless you, O Mighty God, and thank you for everything. Amen."

Tears come into my eyes as the Captain finishes, and I thank God for life itself---God's greatest of gifts!



Ernest J Miller Jr

THE INADEQUACY OF WORDS

How many times we have used the expression, "Words cannot express how I feel." We may be trying to convey the thoughts of joy, love, sympathy, or agony, but it seems that the feeling is so acute that words, mere words, can never fully tell what is in our hearts.

Many times as I read certain passages of the Bible, I am made conscious of this inadequacy of words. Take this line from Luke 2:7, "And she brought forth her firstborn son," Such a small sentence, only seven short words, and yet think of the meaning behind those words.

Had the newborn babe been just any other child, born to any other parents, we still could not sense the full meaning of the words. Can we imagine the joy in those parents' hearts at the birth of their firstborn son? Can we imagine the change in the lives of the members of that family? Can we imagine the influence of that child when he had grown? How will his life affect our society? Perhaps he will be president of our country in the future; perhaps he will discover a cure for the dreaded disease of cancer; perhaps he will some day save the life of one of your loved ones. On the other hand, perhaps this new member of society will bring terror to your heart; perhaps he will bring death to a loved one; perhaps he will bring sickness to your household. Yes, if this child had been just an ordinary child, those words would still be inadequate.

But this Babe was not just any ordinary child such as the one who is being born somewhere in the world at this very moment. This newborn Babe was the Son of God, who came to redeem the world. Now can you see how inadequate those seven words are to express this great event? Christ Jesus, the Messiah, was born to begin His great ministry

on earth. Such a night it must have been! Such joy must have filled the hearts of Mary and Joseph, and the privileged few who were let in on the secret by some joyous angels! And think of the impact on the lives of that generation, and the lives of every generation from then on to the present, and the lives of every generation in the future yet to come. Think of the blind, hopelessly blind, who were made to see by Christ's healing hand. Think of the deaf, the lame, all those with broken bodies who were made whole again.

And yet, most important, think of the sin-sick souls, hopelessly lost, that were freed from their bondage, and are still being freed from the slavery of sin. Yes, the plan of salvation for which Jesus was born lives even today. Almost 2000 years have elapsed since that miraculous birth, but the impact of that single event has changed the entire course of history.

Surely now you will agree with me that those seven simple words, "And she brought forth her firstborn son,," are not adequate to express that marvelous event. Never, in a million years with a million dictionaries, could words, mere words, express the full meaning of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Andrew F. Hegdal

FIRST LIGHT

As I sit here trying to write about Easter, my mind travels back through the years gone past, back to a square hole dug on the slope of a gently rolling hill in Korea. My bosom buddy Frank lies deep in endless slumber. The dirt and grime of fierce hand-to-hand combat fills the pores of his face. The week old beard is matted with dried blood and spittle. His broken nose twisted to one side, casting his face with a weird expression, resembles something out of a horrified nightmare. Coal-black hair tinged with wisps of gray belies his age. Twenty-three and he looks forty. For what reason did this quiet, soft-spoken boy have to die? Why did he have to lay his all on the chess board of life and be checked out? To suffer, to die in this God-forsaken country, thousands of miles from home, when he had everything to live for? Even in death his finger is curled around the trigger of his silent rifle. His steel-gray eyes showed no fear, not even in death, for they face the lines of the enemy. Yes, even in death Frank is ready to face this new born day with the same courage he possessed in life.

Long rows of white crosses gleam dully in the sun's early rays. Large mounds of fresh diggings lay heaped beside yawning crypts. Slowly Frank's lifeless body is lowered into its final resting place. Sharp pointed shovels return the smelly earth to its own; then another cross is added to the long row.



Twenty-six new white crosses are added to the other hundred this Easter morn. A hundred and twenty-six have died for what? For a worthless hunk of real estate, that doesn't even have a name? These thoughts pass through my foggy brain as I drag my leaden feet back to that stinking hole of death, to face what ~~my~~^{they} come, wishing for death, rather than to live a tortured life of fear and misery.

"Ernie, ho Ernie," shouted the sargeant, "are you going to go to Easter Service today?"

"Why?" I answered. "Why should I go to Church? For what? To listen to some holy-roller tell me how to live; listen to him tell me how to find peace and happiness in this living hell? Tell him to show me the way to bring Frank back, and the rest of the boys. Tell him to show me the way to undo all this terrible suffering and useless slaughter of human lives. Tell him to tell me what this Easter Day means to those mounds of earth up there on the flat."

Easter, what a laugh! Who gives a hoot about us? We're here to die, and to live if we are lucky, I thought to myself as I crawled back into the fox hole. Trying to settle myself in the cramped quarters, I had to move the last remains of Frank's possessions to one side. His wallet had only a picture of an elderly lady standing beside an older looking man; what thanks would they receive for the loss of their youngest son, --a letter of condolence, in as few words as possible. Removing the picture from the cracked celluloid, I turned it over, and in almost invisible handwriting I read: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulations." (II Co. 1-3, 4.) Returning the picture to the wallet, I picked up the

torn, ragged, blood-speckled New Testament that Frank always carried in his pocket. The pages were thumb-worn and pencil marks were on every page. Frank always used a small cloth cross to mark his place where he was reading. Now this cross was soaked a dark red. Frank's own blood covered the very page that told of Jesus being crucified. I read the only visible words, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Faintly I heard the singing from the Easter morning service; they were singing "The Old Rugged Cross." The notes floated over the graves of the lost, over the weary men on outpost and was lost among the rolling hills. A thrill went up my spine as I heard those inspired words.

I went to church that day and never missed thereafter. I did find the peace and happiness that comes through faith and prayer. For only through the grace of God can come real inner peace and contentment. I then realized that Frank was a Christian and through his dying, he had helped me to see life as it really was, when you have Jesus to live with.

On that Easter morning when Frank was laid to rest in the cold, brooding arms of that foreign country, he knew that he was going home to his Savior and his soul was at rest. So years have come and gone and as I think back each Easter, I return to that square hole on that far distant hill in Korea and relive those first hours where I saw the First Light.

Ernest J. Miller



GO !!



A COLLEGE ROOMIE

You may not realize it, and sometimes I don't either, but I am an extremely lucky person. I live with one of the greatest guys in the world. I'm not sure that everybody would agree with me, but I know that he would; for you see, I am rooming with Aloysious Archibald Macduff III.

Now this fellow Archy, sometimes called Ally or A.A., has many traits which I admire, one of which is his desire for cleanliness. Everything in him demands perfection, which is most commonly expressed in the way he keeps our room. Saturday mornings he usually spends two hours cleaning up our little "niche in the wall," and every night another hour is spent hanging his clothes just right, getting the rug at the right angle, or yelling at me to clean up my stuff. "Why can't you hang up your shirt? Don't you ever dust that dresser? Aw, come on, pile up your books, will ya!" Although I really don't mind it too much, it's just about all I hear from him. Sometimes I wonder how he gets any studying done, for it seems like he is always doing something to clean up the room.

As I said before, this is a trait which I admire very strongly in Archy until there comes the day when he just doesn't care about the room at all. On one of these days he will just flop his pants and shirt over the chair any which way. If the rug is crooked, what does he do but kick it under the bed. I really can't understand him. Whenever I ask him about this, I usually get an answer something like, "Well, I can do what I want with my clothes." Even his own arguments for cleanliness don't work on him on one of these days. He just won't listen. I don't know what to do! Maybe it's because he is Archibald Aloysious Macduff III.

Another trait with which Archie seems to feel he is endowed is that of being the great counselor. Every night before we go to bed, Archie feels that it is his duty to give me a little of his philosophy of life and to tell me of his many experiences with the opposite sex. Of course, what A. A. fails to realize and to take into consideration is that I have probably taken out twice as many girls as he has and that I have had equally as much experience, if not more than he.

Quite ironical, though, is the fact that the counselor inevitably ends up to be me. You see, Archie has had quite an unsuccessful love life since he arrived here at college. Therefore, no matter how the counseling period starts, it always ends with a phrase similar to "Well, Archie, you had better forget all about her. She isn't worth all the trouble." With all Archie's experience, I can't see how he can fail to see that the girl doesn't care for him at all. Oh, well, it must be because his name is Archibald Aloysious Macduff III.

One trait in which no one could find fault with Archie is his generosity. I have had no instances whatsoever in which Archie was stingy with anything he had. He has always said that everything and anything he has I am welcome to borrow. How nice! It so happens that in any type of clothing, he wears a size small and I wear a medium. His shoes are size 8 and mine are size 9. What does all this mean? He can wear my clothes and I can't wear any of his. Of course, when he borrows my clothes, which is seldom more than once a day, he will inevitably say, "Remember, Bob, you are welcome to wear anything of mine you wish." Sure I am.

As I look around the room I see my typewriter, my radio, my clock, my laundry bag all turned into community property. Oh, well, share and share alike, Archie.

Still another example of his inconsistency is easily seen in his attitude towards studying. Notice I said "attitude," for, in general, it is his sincere desire to get his work done on time. It is this desire that usually starts trouble between us. Take, for example, the case last week. I was studying math and he was studying chemistry problems, both due the next day, one in analytical geometry and the other in chemistry. We made an agreement that when one of us or both were studying, the other would not ask any questions unless they were of the utmost importance. So after about five minutes has elapsed, and I am deeply absorbed in a complicated problem about an imaginary hyperbola, I am suddenly interrupted by the raspy voice of A.A.

"Say Bob, did you do the Chemistry problems yet?"

"Huh? What did you say?"

"I asked you if you've done the seventh question yet!"

"Yea, why?"

"I can't do it."

"Well, don't bother me now. I'm in the middle of a big problem."

"But this is important. You know how tough Maybury makes his homework. I followed the sample problem in the book exactly, but I still got the wrong answer. Please show me how to do it. You always get the answer right."

"Can't you wait a minute?"

"No, I gotta do it now. You know I'd do the same for you sometime."

Now I know, and he does too, that I'll probably never get to use his kind offers for many various reasons. But, since I'm in a fairly good mood, I reply, "O.K. this once." So I proceed to show him that the atomic weight over Avogadro's number gives us the exact weight of the particular atom he is looking for. "Oh," he says, "that's not hard at all."

"Yup, the same way it is done in the book, only correctly followed."

So now that little ordeal is over and I can peacefully go back to my complicated math problem. That gets finished finally with about six others, and I happily look up from my desk and notice that Archy is now deeply engrossed in a problem. But then something seems to tell me that I have done only half of the math, so I quickly whisper, "Archy, how many problems did we have for math?"

And, lo and behold, I am startled when he lifts his head for a second and replies, "Please be quiet. Can't you see I'm doing a big problem?"

"But this will only take a second."

"Wait till I'm finished."

"But I can't do anything till I find out."

"Didn't you hear me? Shut up!"

So I patiently wait the three or four minutes it takes him to finish the problem. "Now what was that you wanted to know?"

"All I wanted to know was whether or not we had any other problems in math than these on page five."

"Oh, is that all you wanted? Why didn't you say so."

"Never mind, just tell me," I answer as I grit my teeth. Oh, well, after all, he is Archibald Aloysious Macduff III.

Bob Cornell

NEXT WEEK IS ABOLISHING BIRTHDAYS WEEK

When one mentions the idea of abolishing birthdays, he clearly indicates that he is no longer as young as he wishes to be and yet has not attained the state of being very old; so I will forthwith proclaim a week dedicated to "Abolishing Birthdays."

"Abolishing Birthdays Week" would find no favor with the very young. How would one inform the four year old that he is no longer having a birthday? To the four-year old, his birthday is the long-awaited acknowledgement by the adults that he is very important, a fact he has known all year. On what other day of the year can he greet his playmates, hardly recognizable dressed up in party clothes, knowing that each bears a gift as if paying homage of a reigning monarch?

The adolescent will not observe "Abolishing Birthday Week". In the teens each new birthday is to be rushed toward and eagerly embraced as a long-awaited arrival. On attaining one birthday, the teen-ager sets out on the quest of the next, thinking each one will bring some long-desired transformation or dream fulfillment.

There is another group who eagerly await birthdays; they are the aspiring centenarians. What a thrill they receive when the home-town paper calls and desires some advice on their formulae of longevity. The chuckle they must have when they give forth some



weird concoction by which they have attained their advanced years. Who could deprive them of the yearly salutation from the President of the United States, which gives them something to talk about for the next year?

I am in the group that would be in favor of abolishing birthdays. I no longer race toward each new birthday; they rush towards me so quickly one falls over the other. I cannot triumphantly herald each new year as being important because I have lived so long; instead I must be in the mediocre middle. I wish I could state my age each morning in relation to how I feel that day. On the days I feel a hundred, let me sit in my rocking chair and gain contentment from watching a fire in the fireplace. On the days I feel sixteen, let me worship some rock n' roll singer and eat banana splits at the drugstore.

So to the very young and to the very old I give my share of birthdays. May each of my birthdays bring you nearer to your elusive goals. As for me, I will count each morning as my birthday. I will accept sunshine, flowers and life itself as my gifts. I will not conform to acting my age, but at any time act the age I feel. So, dear reader, if you see a sign stating next week is "Abolishing Birthday Week" you will know I have started my campaign. Could it be possible that the mere coincidence that next month is my thirtieth birthday have motivated all this nonsense?

Terma Hall

ON WINTER

When the leaves start turning beautiful, rainbow colors, and the tiny animals are hurrying to get in all their provisions, and the birds flying overhead are going South, I know that winter is coming.

On pass the days until every tree is bare; no flower can be seen blooming, no bee gathering honey, and no robin looking for a fat worm on a sunny morning. Winter has come. Everything that has life seems to grow drowsy and settles down for several long months of rest. But what goes on for the ones that do not sleep? They are not idle. They must fight the elements of winter. The birds fly into barns to get grain and shelter. The rabbit goes to clumps of grass to get his breakfast and leaves his footprints on the frosted earth. The fox comes out on a silvery night and prowls around the woods looking for his prey. The deer goes to the brook to find it is frozen and he must go farther down to where the water is rippling out from under the ice. Here she drinks the cool water and brings her little ones to drink also. The little mice scurry to the corn crib to get their food. They must live also. The muskrats that swim to and from their homes, with their entrances under water, find a thick white crust over their heads. The pond has frozen over.

You see rosy-cheeked children hurrying from school to get home to the warm fireplace. One morning you awaken to find the ground covered with pure white, sparkling snow. Winter surely has come. Excited children dress warmly and come out to have a snowball battle or to make a snowman. They are happy and joyful.

The wind skips along and makes the snow whirl through the air.

It goes along and snatches at people's coats as they hurry home from work. It whistles through the bare tree branches. It takes the birds up into the cloud-filled sky, and at other times you hardly know that it is around. It is so still and quiet. It comes and it goes, just as it pleases. It is its own master.

Frost is another evidence of winter. It plays at the windowpanes of every house. It peeks around into corner and nook. It makes the snow crackle under the weight of the people walking on it. It plays hide-and-seek with the wind. It is found everywhere.

Wind, snow, and frost; they are all evidence of winter.

Joyce Kilgus



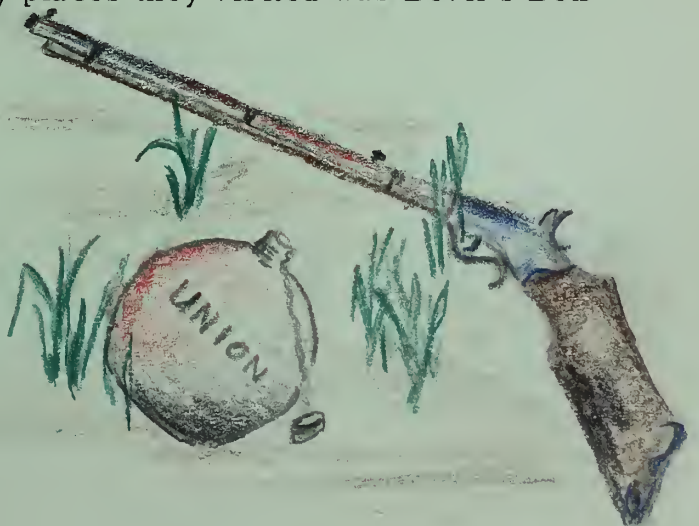
A YANKEE COINCIDENCE

I can remember when my grandmother used to gather her grandchildren around her and relate happenings that took place when she was a little girl. One story that she told has remained in my mind ever since I heard her tell it.

Her father was a Corporal in the Yankee Army in the Civil War. It seems that General Meade had received an assignment to lead his army, of which my great-grandfather was a member, to fight the Confederates at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. It was a very hot day and the soldiers were very tired from the battle and thirsty. My great-grandfather was last in line to get his drink at Devil's Den. While he was drinking, he heard someone moaning in the brush. Upon investigation, he found a Confederate soldier lying there, his face all battered from flying shrapnel. Leaning closer, my great-grandfather heard the soldier weakly ask for water. Being in a hurry to move on, he went to the spring, filled the canteen, and brought it back to the soldier to give him a drink. Then he moved on with the other soldiers, leaving the canteen behind with the wounded man.

Many years later my great-grandfather took his family back to visit Gettysburg. One of the many places they visited was Devil's Den where this incident occurred.

The guide who was seated on an old bench beside the spring was an old Confederate soldier.



One of the many experiences he related that day to the crowd that was around him was how a Yankee soldier saved his life with some water from that spring. After he had finished the story, my great-grandfather walked up to the old blind guide, put his arm around him, and told him that he was the Yankee soldier that had given him the drink of water. With tears streaming down his scarred face, the old guide embraced my great-grandfather and they had a happy reunion that day.

After my grandmother had finished with this true story, she only commented, "It was a wonderful sight to see."

Chuck Anderson

COLD FOR MARCH

The night was cold for March, but the moon and stars were bright; the rain had passed. Everything was quiet now and I wondered what I was doing sitting on the front curbing.

Then I remembered. Tonight was a night I'd never forget.

Mother came up to say my prayers with me and tuck me in bed. I God-blessed Mommy and Daddy and especially thanked Him for sending my big brother home safely from the war.

I was so happy. I could hear the rain on the roof and kitty-cat purring softly at the foot of my bed. I wiggled my toes inside my sleepers, the kind with the sewn-in feet. They were so cozy on this cold night. I sighed with contentment and drifted off quickly to dreamland.

But suddenly I awoke! I could hear people moving about but I couldn't see them. Why? What was smoke doing in our house? What were the shouts and noises of confusion? Why did it hurt me to breathe?

Suddenly, I felt myself being lifted into my father's strong arms. Inch by inch we crept downstairs. Would we reach the door before those horrible flames? Dad got us safely out but went back in immediately to call the fire department. Soon after, piercing the stillness of the night, we heard the lonesome howling of the fire sirens. I was so cold and lonely; I wished my kitty would come out and play with me.

I hated to turn around for then I could see great orange teeth gobbling up our house. I would sit and wait for the firemen without turning around. They would soon be here for I heard them coming. Down the street rolled

the big, shiny engine and all the firemen. They would soon put out our fire so that we could go back to dreamland.

"Mr. Fireman, will you bring out my kitten?" He was such a big strong man and I didn't know why he had tears in his eyes.

They sprayed their hoses over the fire and soon had it out. Why wouldn't they let us go back inside? Why must I sit here in my sleepers?

Maybe if I sat a little farther over I could forget how funny my tummy felt. I could lean my head against the gate post and forget! I would forget the flames reaching up to the sky, trying to shine brighter than the moon. If I closed my eyes, I could forget that tomorrow when I walk through the rooms they will be charred and black instead of spotless white as Mommy liked them. Yes, I would forget my little gray kitten and how soft he was, if I could. I would lean against this gate and forget how wet my toes were, even through the feet of my sleepers.

I would forget how cold it was for March.

Grace Hoekstra



HELP !!

After graduating from high school I was fortunate to get a job with Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. I started working as an operator six days after I finished school. I loved my job and I considered it an experience that had no comparison with any of my other experiences. The job was very hard on my nerves, but it was one that gave me a feeling of satisfaction because I was constantly assisting people and often it was in time of an emergency.

During the two years I was employed at Bell, I had numerous experiences dealing with the public, one of which I will relate.

Scottdale is a town of about ten thousand people; therefore, the telephone office is quite small. They employ forty operators but there are only fourteen on duty at one time, and during the night there is only one operator on duty. Owing to the fact that the operators don't want to work all night, everyone has to take a turn at working all night for three continuous months. During this time the operators have to learn how to work information and take long distance calls, and be the chief operator, the supervisor, as well as the lineman. If anything should happen to go wrong with the equipment during the night, the operator must be prepared to fix it. Some of the operators were quite horrified at the idea, and others even quit their jobs because they were afraid to take the responsibility. I was one of the few that liked the idea of being by myself and being my own boss, that is until I had a terrifying experience.

This episode occurred at 2:30 on a rainy March morning. The rain was pouring, the thunder was cracking, and I was trying to keep myself busy in order not to hear all the weird noises. The building is quite spooky on such a night as this. I was getting more and more frightened as the

minutes slowly ticked by. To make things worse, on stormy nights quite a bit of the equipment goes out of order, and to determine what is out of order there are bells, sirens, and whistles which let out with a warning bellow. Every time one of these warnings would go off, I would practically jump off my chair. Just as I finished fixing one machine, another machine would go out of order. When I was about at my wits' end, I heard the downstairs ' door open and someone come stomping up the stairs. I was so relieved because during a storm the linemen who have keys will sometimes come to see if the operator needs any help. I thought my prayers had been answered. In order not to waste time, I stood at the upstairs' door to let him in. As he knocked on the door, I unlocked one lock and was just reaching to take the safety latch off, when I was startled to see that the man was a perfect stranger. With the safety latch still on, the door would only open about four inches. I let out a startled yell and he proceeded to pound the door and yell for me to let him in. When I composed myself, I gained enough strength to ask him what he wanted and all he would say was, "I want to talk to you about a call I just made." He just kept repeating this statement, while I stood frozen in my tracks. I finally managed to tell him that if he wanted to talk to me, he would have to go to the coin box on the street corner. After a few harsh words, he decided to take my advice. In the meantime, I ran to the board and called the police to tell them what had happened. When the stranger called over the line again, I had the police connected with us so that they heard the whole conversation. After listening a few minutes, the police told me to stall him off until they reached the telephone booth.

I stood at the window and watched the police pull up in their car and take him away. They also arrested two other men who were waiting in the car for him to return with me.

As the rain ceased and morning drew nigh, I breathed a sigh of relief and thanked God for His promise, "I can do all things through Christ which strengthenth me."

Lanae Blackwell



THE BIG ASSIGNMENT

It was a drab, rainy morning in the middle of April. The rain was beating down as if it was determined to rain forever. There were large puddles of water on the sidewalk. It had rained all night at this same speed.

Just then in a quiet, upstairs bedroom a noisy alarm clock announced itself; a second later one eye came open and a groping hand found the clock; a sharp click and the noise ceased. Brick rubbed her eyes roughly, trying to get awake. "Is it always necessary that one should get up? Couldn't they create a world where one could sleep all she wanted?" Brick was thinking. With a big yawn she grabbed her robe from the foot of the bed.

At the same time in the kitchen below a distinguished grey-haired banker was busily preparing his usual breakfast of bacon and eggs. This had been his routine procedure since his wife had died almost ten years ago. They had been in Evansville almost a year when his wife died. Brick was just starting junior high school then. Brick had accepted the loss as an adult, but it was very hard for her. Brick's father, in his kind way, had compensated for the loss and had cushioned the deep hurt and constant longing that was there.

In the crisp bedroom the girl dressed leisurely and slowly. Made her way to the big kitchen. Brick welcomed the smell of food and the warmth of the room.

Soon the smell of bacon filled the room, as it sizzled in the pan. "Good, the coffee was still hot; then Dad must have just left," she thought. The morning journal was still lying in a crumpled heap on the table. "Could Dad have over-slept? Not Dad! But the evidence is here; his breakfast half eaten, his coffee still in his cup; he always drinks two cups," thought Brick.

As Brick munched the crisp bacon, she wondered, "What will be the big assignment for today?" She had just received a new raise so her story had better be good. Brick had been working for the Morning Star for more than three years now and loved every minute of it. She giggled to herself as she thought of her first big story she was sent to cover. Three highly competitive papers had the story printed and on the stand before she had 'phoned hers in. That day was a big day; she was so excited about the whole thing that she brought her story in rather than 'phoning from the scene. She shook her head, drank her last cup of coffee and was on her way.

The rain was still falling as Brick slipped on her overshoes. She closed the door with a quick slam, slid the key under the rug and was on her way. She pulled her rain coat tighter around her as the rain beat into her face. She picked up a little speed as she was nearing Oak Street. The street was almost deserted except for the faithful milkman making his rounds. As usual they greeted each other and both went on their way.

As she turned the corner onto High Street, she could see the busy people like little spiders weaving a net through the heavy traffic; these were the people that kept Evansville going. In the city square she could see the dome of the old capitol building against the grey sky; there was the medical building, her favorite dress shop, the famous spaghetti house. Her heart skipped a beat as she thought of the first time she went to the spaghetti house. Bill had taken her there after the Spring Banquet of their Senior year. It was that night he had told her that he was entering medical school. Yes, she remembered that night. Everything had seemed perfect. This was Evansville and she loved it; it would be her permanent home. She wanted her children to find in it the happiness that she had found.

Nearing the door of the office, Brick slowed her pace to a leisurely gait. She gave a silent "brrrrrr," as she shook her raincoat and umbrella; she had not realized how cold she was until she entered the warm building. She leaned on the elevator button, wondering "Why does it have to be so slow on such a miserable morning?"

Brick walked into her office, sensing that something was in the air. Her office was quiet, but there was something about the stillness she did not like; "What is it?" she thought. She had felt perfectly at ease until now. She had heard from Bill only yesterday; everything was fine. Just then a red light flickered on the intercommunication system. She was wanted in the chief-editor's office. "What could this be?" she was thinking. She went into the big office with an apprehensive look on her face. The editor told her she had a difficult assignment for a female reporter and that the results would not mar her record. She wonderingly but eagerly accepted the challenge, if for nothing more than to defend her sex. The editor-in-chief explained that some trouble was brewing at the bank. It concerned an incident that had once been tried and ruled out in court, but was coming up again at the bank. Since Brick was the banker's daughter, maybe she could get some first-hand information for the press. This made Brick a little disappointed because she felt as if she was being used for information only and not because of her ability. Anyway she was considering the paper and not herself. Strangely enough her father had not mentioned any difficulty at the bank; that was odd for they always talked over problems together. "Maybe he has been acting a little strange and I haven't been very observing," wondered Brick.

That night she took the long way home, hoping she could think of an

appropriate way to approach her father about the subject. If he had wanted her to know, he would have told her. "Why do I have to ask him?" Why do I have to be the one to cover the story?" These questions kept haunting Brick. This seemed to her the most difficult assignment. There were beads of perspiration on Brick's forehead as she turned the key in the lock. The evening elapsed, with nothing accomplished.

At noon the next day Brick received a mysterious phone call from an unfamiliar voice, saying that her father was in serious trouble and that she had better forget the story. This scared Brick; she didn't know what to do. That afternoon she left the office early to go home to think. Brick was lying on the divan when she was startled by a crash; a small stone had come through the window; Brick jumped up, ran to the window and no one was there; she then saw the note attached to the stone. The note read, "We are holding your father; do as instructed and he will not be harmed. There is a black book in the safe; at midnight take the book, drive four blocks south of the old warehouse, toss the book and keep driving. If you want to see your father again, you had better not talk." Brick sat down on the divan, her knees trembling. "What am I going to do?" she wondered.

At midnight, after securing the book and copying down all the names and figures (although insignificant to her) she started on her journey. Brick drove slowly down Elm Street. The slum area looked darker than it ever had before. "Why," wondered Brick, "didn't they replace the street lights?" Her trembling hands gripped the steering wheel as she turned the last corner. The night was quiet; no one stirred in the blackness; she tossed the book. "Yes, the book; how could that be so important?" But it was, it was risking


her father's life; it must be important," Brick thought. As Brick drove home, she felt defeated; did she dare phone the police or would she be taking a greater risk? "Was her father mixed up in this trouble? What could be the meaning of this? How was she going to solve this mystery alone?" she thought.

The long, dark night wore on as Brick paced the living room floor. She couldn't just remain quiet while her father was in great danger. She must get help, but, where? Was her father involved in an embezzlement and would she have to write the story about her own father? Did the paper know this before they sent her on this assignment? Many thoughts and worries crossed Brick's mind as she waited.

Suddenly, a firm hand shook Brick's shoulder and she heard these words, "I am sorry, you will have to leave, now; the library is closing." Brick raised her head, looked all around, wide-eyed with amazement; the college library had never looked so good to her. Her text on Journalism was open; the pages were damp with perspiration; she was still on the same page of her homework: Write suspense story.

Willie Jenkins
"Willie"

MIRAM I MOON



Filmy clouds adorn the moon
As she rises from soft dunes;
Myriad stars escort her flight
As she glides through still of night.

Reflected radiance on coral lands;
Lapping waves caress the sands.
Frothy foam from broken breakers
Accents the sea's restless nature.

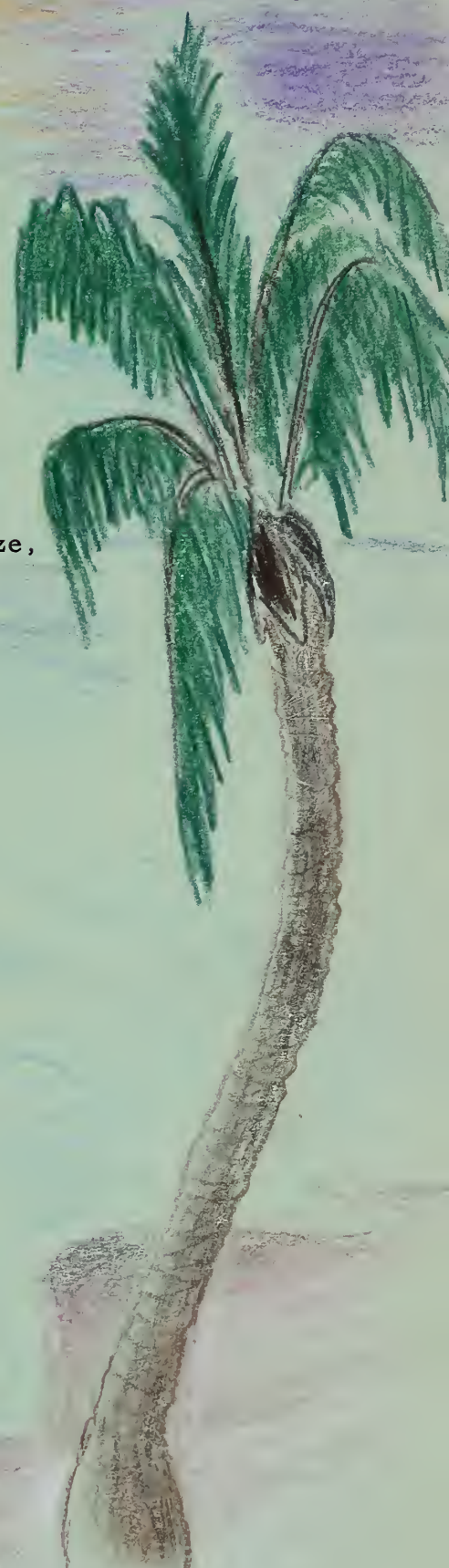
Palm's friendly fronds greet sea breeze,
Gently sway, then take their ease.

Fragrant flowers perfume air;
Wafted scents of blossoms fair.

From her realm drifts gem-like dew;
Flora shimmer in pale hue,
Lost seagull wheels to nest,
Search is over, time for rest.

A soothing setting, quiet, peace;
Spirits soar, vain worries cease.

A gentle beauty unknown by day;
The moon is risen, on her way.



Miriam B. Balwit

COUNTY SEAT ON SATURDAY NIGHT

Everyone is here in town--from the town's hermit who comes to market only when his food supply becomes low, to the parson of the Community Church at the corner of Madison and Elm. Yes, this is Saturday night when all the stores stay open until nine, so that the folk can do their weekly shopping and gossiping.

Let's meander down Main Street and meet some of the town folk. I have a feeling that you'll like these people. They're plain, everyday men and women, just like you and me. There's nothing spectacular about them or their lives; however, there is one thing I can say about them--they enjoy living. They may wear common, ordinary clothes and they may talk common, ordinary talk, but whatever they do--they enjoy doing it!

By the way, do you notice that tall man standing right in front of McCutchin's Food Store over there across the street? Well, it is pretty widely known that he is the richest man for miles around. In fact, he once owned most of the land in these parts and he's still collecting a lot of money from rents. However, that man is a good fellow! Oh no, he's not one of these stingy misers who keeps his wealth all to himself. In fact, it was just last spring that he gave the school board enough money to build a science room onto the high school. Nice fellow, that man.

But let's eavesdrop a little and discover what this woman is saying. "Good evening, Mrs. Davis. How are you and the rest of your family--especially little Sammy? Old Mr. Roberts was telling me the other day that Sammy had the flu. Such a shame! But I know what would fix him up and right soon, too. All he needs to do is eat some rich honey and drink plenty of juice. Yes, plenty of juices, I think that helps more than anything

else. In fact, I just read the other day in the Lancaster Garden Seed Almanac that apricot juice is the best medicine a person can take when he's down with the flu. But don't take my word for it, Mrs. Davis. Oh no! You just ask Minnie Waters who lives across from the church . . . "

Well, I suppose you know what to do now when you get the flu. By the way, are you wondering who that woman is? That is Mrs. White, the parson's wife. She's a good woman and sets a good example, too. If I know Mrs. White, she herself will be over to see little Sammy first thing tomorrow morning. Lovely lady, that Mrs. White.

Look over there at McCutchin's Food Store again. They're having their spring sale on now. Sure is a good place to buy, especially if you want some winter clothes that are real cheap. Oh, I don't mean the material's cheap. No indeed. Old Mr. McCutchin wouldn't sell anything but the best. Now you take his son, though. He's got some modern idea that if the customer buys something that is inferior, it is his own fault. "The customer should have known better," he says. I don't know what is going to become of old McCutchin's business when he passes away. Only time will tell, I guess.

Well, the store lights are going out now. Yes, these people around here close their stores on the dot. It's really amazing! You know, by nine-thirty tonight this town will be perfectly quiet.

Not a sound will be heard. Then it's pleasant to walk down Main Street and look at the stars. There's something about those stars up there. They look much brighter when everyone is fast asleep.



DUGOUT, TAKE NOTICE

As a former Amalgamator of Aqueous Solutions of Carbonic Acid, I can state with authority that the ice cream soda is the acme of the soda-jerker's art. Sundaes, cokes, and shakes are all secondary; anyone can ladle syrup over ice cream or mix charged water and syrup to make a coke, but it takes long experience and inspired artistic endeavor to blend together the few simple ingredients of that masterpiece of the profession, the ice cream soda. As in any art, individual technique varies, but like any artist, I believe mine to be the most satisfactory.

To begin with, a glass must be chosen. The ideal glass is tall, with thick sides to prevent breakage, and with a heavy base to prevent tipping. It should be conical in shape, since a cone has only one-third the volume of a cylinder of equal height and base, while appearing almost as large.

Equipped with the proper glass, one now chooses the syrup. I personally prefer chocolate, but with any flavor the procedure is the same. The proper amount must be judged by the soda-jerker. It is generally between two and three ounces, depending on the size of the glass and one's individual taste. A dab of stiff whipped cream is flipped upon the syrup by a dexterous tap of the spoon on the edge of the glass, and then one is ready for the most important step, adding the water.

The object is to produce a light, frothy, homogeneous mixture of charged water and syrup. To do this perfectly, a fine stream of water must be used. At some fountains quality must be sacrificed to speed and the coarse stream substituted, but since we are considering the ideal soda, we may disregard this practice. One places the glass under the faucet,

slowly moving the handle forward to allow the water to fizz out with increasing velocity and rotating the glass carefully to insure a complete mixture of water and syrup. When the glass is about two-thirds full, the water is shut off and the soda is ready for the addition of the ice cream.

Two small scoops are better than one large one, since the large one blocks the bottom of the glass so that all of the liquid cannot be removed with the straw. The scoops must be well rounded to prevent their disintegration in the liquid. The ice cream is carefully slipped in, to avoid splashing; now the soda is ready for its crowning glory, the cap.

Slowly and carefully the charged water is again added in a fine stream, the object being to produce as high a cap as possible without causing it to run over. If the stream strikes the floating icecream, the water will splash out violently. This is particularly embarrassing if it lands on the customer sitting in front of the faucet. However, a really good soda-jerker has so coordinated his hand and eye by constant practice that he skillfully guides the stream into the glass without splashing. When the cap has reached the highest possible point, the water is turned off, the artist quickly seizes a spoon, and both soda and spoon are nonchalantly set before the customer in one graceful motion.

What a joy it is to behold! Beads of moisture form on the cool sides, and through the foamy mass one may discern the white lumps of ice cream floating like water lilies. The top, streaked with brown lines of chocolate, rised like some snow-capped mountain, inviting the epicure to partake of this nectar and ambrosia, the ice cream soda.

Bruce Evans



WHY WOUL'D YOU LAUGH?

I am an enthusiastic enjoyer of jokes. I thoroughly enjoy telling jokes. But no one enjoys listening to me tell jokes! I read jokes in magazines and books that are funny, but when I attempt to repeat them, something is missing. I often hear jokes told which bring roars of laughter from the listeners and leave us gasping for breath. But when I try to repeat the same joke-- nothing. I might as well have read an obituary. My audience may be interested and follow every word I say, but when I "spring" the punch line their expressions change from those of interest, to those of disappointment, and then to looks of heart-felt pity. I have tried to analyse my story-telling, but I can never seem to discover just what I am doing wrong. Oh, I sometimes manage to get a good anecdote across with a fair degree of success, but this happens only on rare occasions. My audience is then so astonished that I finally told one right that they forget to laugh. My plight is a sad one!

A fellow I know can tell a joke so well that he can get a laugh from the most insipid one. He seldom remembers the punch line and usually says it backward or gives the one from the next joke. Often he does not even arrive at the end of the joke. Although he tells his jokes in the most serious fashion, his mannerisms are so hilarious that he has us all laughing from the beginning. He is one of those people who are gifted in story-telling, or rather jocularity. He is one of a kind and cannot be imitated. What opposites we are!

Another thing which irks me is the unreliability of my memory. I may hear a good joke one day and not be able to remember it the next. The better the joke was the more it annoys me. A group of us may be swapping stories thick and fast, except that mine are falling over their faces, and I

am sure that if I can just remember that one elusive anecdote I can score at least one laugh. But can I recall it? No! For some reason this does not seem to disturb my listeners at all. In fact, I get the impression that they are glad my joke rests peacefully in oblivion.

Two fellows I know can sit down together and exchange good stories for hours without repeating themselves or telling an old joke. And they are hilarious. I can join them and laugh till my sides hurt, but they will not give me a chance to tell a joke of my own. They know from past experience that I will either tell a story they have already heard or one that is not funny. The only reason for this is that I cannot remember the good ones. This is the only reason I am a social outcast.

Let me illustrate my plight. The other day I heard a joke which really doubled me up. I was sure I could tell this one. It could almost tell itself. I tried it on some close friends. As usual it went over with a dull "thud" and landed at my feet. I was disappointed. But one of the fellows gently picked it up, dusted it off, and retold it with the result that everyone (except me) laughed till the tears came. This hurt me deeply.

But many people in this world have handicaps and have learned to live with them. I must live with mine. Maybe someday this "hex" will be lifted from my shoulders, and I will be able to tell a joke as others do.

Dick Luning

FLIGHT FRIGHT

Consider the bird. How wondrous is this creature's ability to glide across the skies without aid, effort, or air-sickness. And I ask myself, "Is it just that any living thing should be allowed to travel at such great heights and not experience even a touch of dizziness?" Something deep within immediately answers, "No." At least, not when I find it completely impossible to consider the idea. Even as I declare my stand on the matter, my mind drifts back to the period of a few days that preceded my first and last experience with flight. Imagine if you can what it must feel like to be in a plane as it hurtles towards earth when you have just discovered that there is no one piloting the craft nor any other passenger aboard. Of course, I was faced with this ordeal only between the hours of 10:00 P.M. and 8:00 A.M. on three consecutive nights. But then we must all endure trials at one time or another and the worst was yet to come.

The night finally arrived when I was to bear myself and my baggage to the airport. In spite of the previous evenings of horrified premonition, I set out feeling quite jaunty and I dare say a bit worldly. As I strode recklessly into the terminal, my brain constantly dealt with the fact that hundreds of people flew planes everyday, and that Grandma and Grandpa just wouldn't travel any other way.

So with these fortifying reassurances in mind, I managed to board the ship thinking of dear, dear mother peering mistily after me.

Once inside I glanced about carelessly while deciding which seat to take. If I sat at the front I would be sure to escape with, at the most, major injuries if we were hit in the region of the tail of the plane. On the other hand, if I were to choose a seat near the back, I would have a better chance of survival if we crashed headlong into some mountainous peak that we were bound to come upon between Boston and Chicago. Shaken only for a moment, I finally decided on a seat directly over the wings, for I reasoned that if we were hit from either or both ends, my section would almost assuredly break away with the wings, enabling me to float to earth with a reasonable degree of safety.

Seated and completely relaxed, I really began to enjoy the trip. I'd never realized that one could travel at such altitudes and speeds and never have the slightest sensation of height or motion. A little later I peered out of the window and chuckled quietly, if not just a bit hysterically, as I discovered that we had not as yet left the field. The ensuing nap was interrupted only when I felt I should ask the stewardess how the land crew was coming along. The second time I made an inquiry she shot me a rather odd look and asked me how long I'd been asleep. Just as I was about to tell her that she had no reason to be so flip, I realized that the motors were running and, on further investigation, that we were high above the clouds.

So this was flying! "This buggy has it all over the birds," I mused. Right away I felt quite secure and calm. As I started to drift into a state of sheer content, a flash of light outside caught my eye. It gradually

dawned upon me that we were in a thunderstorm that would in no way increase my enjoyment of the trip. While some warped, sadistic child behind me shouted with glee because it was just like riding the roller coaster, I experienced all manner of sensations as the plane hit every air pocket. One minute we would ascend rapidly and on reaching the next thousand foot level we would descend just as rapidly, with the contents of stomachs neatly contained in little white bags. The remaining hours of the flight were all the same as we carefully sought out three different storms.

Need I try to express my feelings as I lurched off the plane to claim my earth-anchored relatives? Being instantly relieved of all anxiety, I soon was able to relate the story of my trying experience. My audience seemed particularly pleased when I told them how I tactfully handled a fear-stricken child by persuading him to pretend he was on a roller coaster. But then I haven't disclosed this tale to bring credit to myself, but merely to offer a word of advice: if you must travel, Go Greyhound.

Pat Lockwood



THE AMAZING BLOOP MACHINE

An amazing Bloop Machine was to be designed and built by the Air Force. The story of the Bloop Machine was read by everyone across the nation. The story was such top secret material that no one really knew what the Bloop Machine looked like or what its purpose was.

The Air Force hand-picked their men. Top-notch physicists, chemists, and mathematicians were called. It was going to take men, and plenty of them to complete the task before them. Each man was thoroughly screened by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The government was taking no chances in a security leak. After the security checks had been completed, the men were given their assignments. The men learned what their particular jobs would be, but they were not told where the destination was.

The big day came when the men were flown to they knew not where. The hours dragged by. When were they going to land? At last the planes dropped out of the white billowy clouds and land was once more seen. When the planes landed the men were informed that they were at destination X. Here there would be no letter writing, no contact with the outside world. During off hours the men were not even allowed to mention the work they were doing.

The work was started immediately and long hours dragged into weeks and months. While there, the men learned that they were on a very beautiful island, somewhere in the tropics. The island was covered

with spacious palm trees. Everything on the island was lush and green. It was like being constantly in a garden. The long rolling beaches of pure white sand were most beautiful. The greatest relaxation the men got was from skin-diving in amongst the sparkling, foamy waves. It was here on one of these beaches that the Bloop Machine was being constructed.

Time passed and no one heard from the men nor read anything about the Bloop Machine. Then one day it came out in the papers that the construction of the Bloop Machine had been completed. Everyone waited with great anticipation for the results of the test. Destination X was in a state of great tension and anxiety. Months and months of long hard labor had come to an end.

As the Bloop Machine was approached, the hugeness of the operation was unfolded. The machine looked like a long, shiny ramp with a big ball at the bottom. The ramp was of tremendous height. The base of it was on the beach and it went up into the sky at about a forty-five degree angle so that it reached far out above the ocean. The ramp also had sides on it which kept the ball in the center of the ramp. The ball was made so that it touched the ramp in only two places. Both the surface of the ball and the ramp were very highly polished to cut down on friction.

The great moment was here! A lever was pushed! Up! Up! Up! went the big ball. Everyone tensed and the ball came to the end of the ramp. Wait! It's falling! Falling! Bloo---op! Into the ocean went the ball; out of sight forever.

David J. Lindsay

AS A POTATO EYES IT

There was a jostle and a bounce and then all was quiet. I was just beginning my life as a potato and what a life! The only clear thing in my mind was being shoved into a dark bag with several hundred of my own brother potatoes.

I hadn't sat in the last spot very long when I felt myself being lifted and carried again. As we moved, I heard a rumbling noise that grew louder with each movement I felt. Then that awful jolt again. I wished those humans would be a little more careful; my skin was getting bruised!

In the next moment things really happened and I was in for a few new sights. The bag I was in was lifted high, tilted, and I rolled towards the open end of the bag. Just as I came out of the entrance of the bag, a fellow potato hit me and sent me flying through space. I hit a hard wall, lost some of my skin, and finally came to rest under a hot water pipe. If I didn't watch, I was going to get the starch knocked out of me!

Knowing my helplessness, I began to look around. The scene before my eyes made me shudder. There was a little fat man standing near the roaring machine that I had heard, and I saw him take my brother potatoes and throw them into the gaping mouth of this roaring monster. Oh how fortunate for me that I had fallen out of sight!

The little fat man next pulled a lever and all my brother potatoes came running out of an opening in the machine, screaming at the top of their skins. The machine had peeled them of all their clothes and had taken most of their eyes. The short fat man made sure they would not go anywhere by cutting

out any remaining eyes. This, I figured, was the end for my fellow potatoes. They now lay quietly in a pool of water and awaited the next step of torture that the little fat man would devise. They didn't wait very long, for he quickly picked them up and put them in a pot of boiling water. Oh how my brother potatoes screamed and moaned for the next few minutes! All their life and vigor was now gone. They lay silently and awaited the next step of the short fat man, a step that was soon to come.

The short fat man stepped to the pot which contained my brother potatoes, took one look, smiled, and then proceeded to drain the water from the pot. How hot and disformed my potato brothers looked. They must have suffered terribly.

After the water had been drained from their pot, the short fat man then dumped some white liquid over my brother potatoes and placed them under a machine that beat them and hit them until they fell apart. Oh how fortunate that I had escaped this fate!

After my friends had been beaten to pieces, the short fat man took them from the pot and put them on a clean white dish. I felt confident that this would be their last resting place, but they didn't stay there long. The short fat man took my brother potatoes to a group of people sitting together at a small wooden table. I heard them exclaim to him, "they look delicious." They then devoured my brother potatoes by a process which I have since learned is called eating. This they proceeded to do until there were no signs left that I had had any brother potatoes.

So this is potato life, grown to be a meal. Well, need I tell you that I snuggled a little closer to the hot water pipe to avoid the short fat man, and here I intend to remain till the day I rot.

Sam Drisley

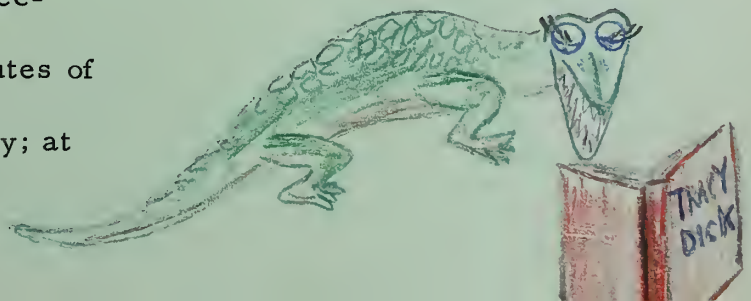
DESCRIPTION OF AN ALLIGATOR HUNT

Alligator hunting is fast becoming one of America's favorite pastimes. Noted authorities, such as I.M.A. Nitwit, have even gone so far as to state, "Alligator hunting will soon replace baseball as our national pastime."

As all "Gater" enthusiasts know, the standard equipment for this type of hunting is a telescope, a dry detective story, a pair of tweezers, and a match box. With this as a background, let me begin my story.

On the day of the big hunt I slept at a friend's home in order to get an early start. When the alarm went off at 12:00 noon I quickly got up and dressed. I tapped my friend gently on the arm, but he didn't wake up. I pinched him; no response. I punched him in the stomach; he still snored away. After doing this repeatedly, I decided that he wanted to sleep and sallied forth by myself.

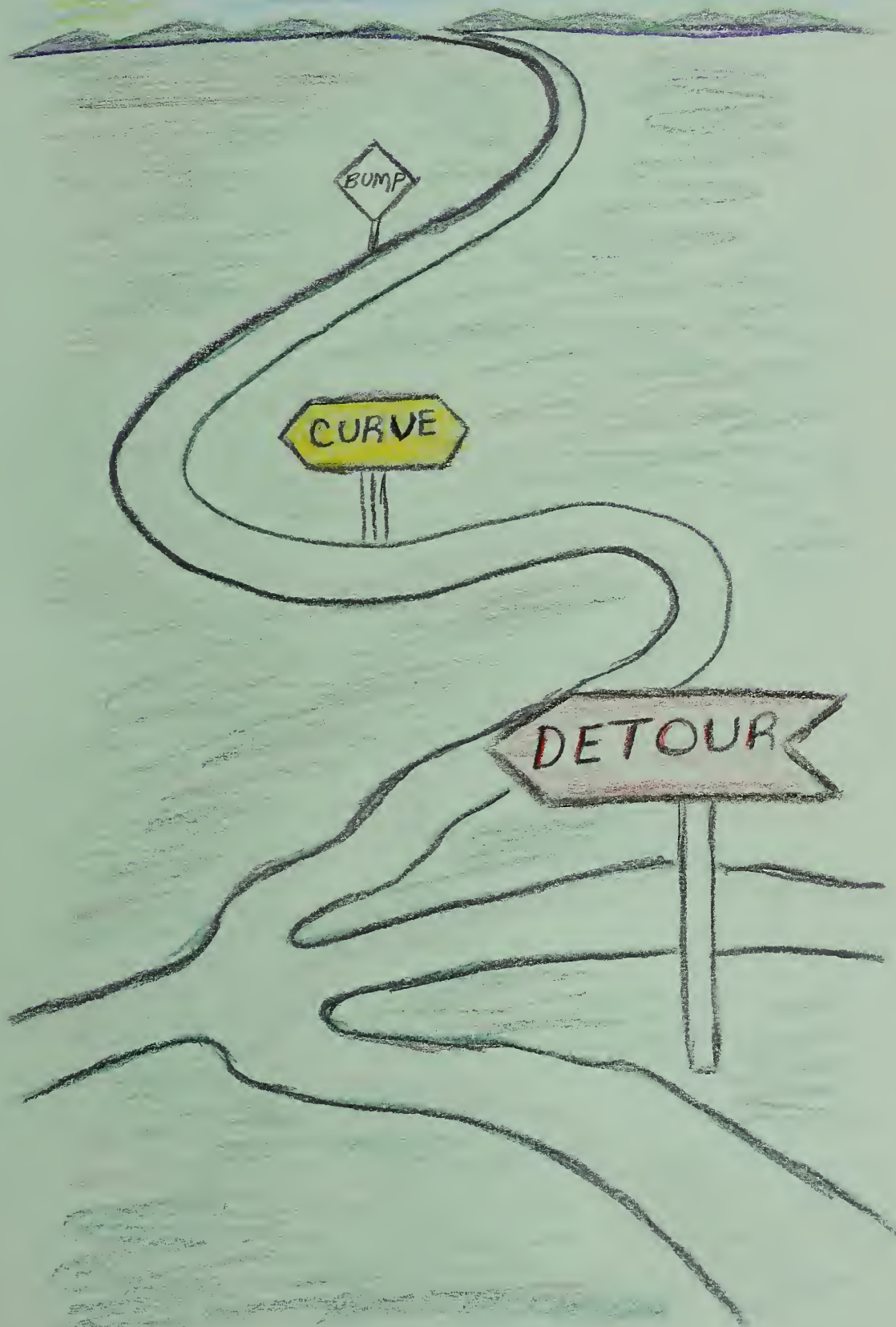
By 2:00 I was at one of my favorite hunting spots, an old abandoned log cabin in the heart of the Hookeefincooky Swamp. As soon as I arrived I began to set my trap. First I laid my dry detective story on the doorstep. I then hid myself in a corner and commenced to wait. After a short wait of about three hours, a huge alligator appeared and began reading the dry detective story. After twenty minutes of reading he began to get drowsy; at



thirty minutes his eyelids drooped and when forty-five minutes had passed, he was sound asleep. I waited another hour to make sure. Vicious creatures, alligators! Then I got out my equipment. Taking my telescope I crept up, turned it around and looked through the large end. This made the creature shrink so small that I picked him up with my tweezers, put him in the matchbox, and the hunt was over.

When I returned to my friend's house that evening he was still asleep. I think I hit him too hard.

Billy Jones



Carolyn Finney

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness.

Leonard Hemphill

Industry is fortune's right hand.

Helen Hazelton

Truth and goodness in her heart finds place.

Gladys Williams

True to her work, her friends.

Sam Hill

Work is an old fashioned way of making a living.

Mary Cruickshanks

What sweet delight a quiet life affords.

Dale Rosenburger

Be merry and you are wise.

Sue Allen

Give me the woman who sings at her work.

Jacquiline Eaton

I love tranquil solitude.

Glenna Tyner

Grow in silence, and in silence perish!

Geren Thomas

The frivolous work of polished idleness.

Ray Millard

Unconquerable in the fight.

Pat Lockwood

Born to write, converse, and live with ease.

Joe Rapalje

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.

Priscilla Blaisdell

The quiet mind is richer than a crown.

Clara Shaw

Honor and faith a pure intent.

John Cokkinis

Tis folly to be wise.

Glenn Woods

I'm one of the Queen's boys.

Bruce Reeves

Girls, take care of me; good men are hard to find.

Alan Duckworth

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Bob Porter

It is not good that man should live alone.

Marv Balwit

My only books were women's looks.

Mildred Metselaar

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.

Alan King

I pray you have in mind where we shall eat.

Chuck Howard

A woman's smile and a woman's will are not for me.

Jack Guard

Those that think must govern those that toil.

Violet Whited

Beware of all, but most beware of men.

Dave Congalton

If music be the food of love, play on.

Bill Porter

Even Napoleon once had to be fed from a spoon.

Bob Cornell

'Tis virtuous in a man to be punctual.

Joy Curtis

To be merry and free; so sad it is to be happy alone.

Don Whittemore

Not afraid of work, but not in sympathy.

Lynn Riley

Wearing all that weight of learning as lightly as a flower.

Bob Farah

Keep smiling, keep moving.

Esther McMinn

I'll diet tomorrow.

Carolyn Keith

And still she kept on giggling; gig-, gig-, gig-, giggling.

E. J. Miller

Work fascinates me; I could sit and watch it for hours.

Grant Schwank

The strongest minds are often those whom the noisy world hears least.

Ron Carter

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

Dick Mann

All great men are dead; and I don't feel so well myself.

Edison Weslow

What, me worry?

Dave Randlett

All I want for Christmas is

Don Crew

Wit is a happy and striking way of expressing a thought.

Dwayne Byers

Hang sorrow; care will kill a cat.

Betty Manna

Full of pep and always gay.

Harry Foster

I will not retreat a single inch; I will be heard.

Perry Cunningham

Quiet, you say? We know him the opposite way.

Elsie Walker

A small girl of large caliber.

Gerry Wesche

Those who know her best appreciate her most.

Carolyn Lanpher

Where 'er she is, there's carefree joy; and almost always at least one boy.

Jeanette Bunts

"Come on, team, let's really beat them."

Charlotte Boshart

She's the kind of girl who can't keep out of arms' way.

Joan Farley

Silence is golden.

Linda Hazelton

The sweetness of her smile.

Noah Von Haines

He's quieter than a turkey farm on Thanksgiving afternoon.

Nancy Hite

A woman's hair is her glory.

Harold Mangarr

They fail and they alone who have not striven.

Charles Aubet

Why should life all labor be?

Paul Dickson

Never give way to melancholy.

Mary Kilponen

The world's a dream.

Dan Daisley

Horse hair, left certain weeks in water, will produce a snake.

Ralph Brewster

He thinks things through very carefully.

Olive Green

Busy, yet always smiling.

Helen Kerr

What should one do but be merry.

Alma Myers

A studious soul, with a happy smile.

Glenna Olsen

As easy on the eyes as a tax refund.

Meredith DeBow

Her five-hundred friends.

Dick Wycoff

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse, too.

Shirley Caswell

Without music life would be a mistake.

John Borgal

The safest way to double your money is to fold it over and pocket it.

Doris Snyder

The best bridge between despair and hope is a good night's sleep.

Darlene Phillips

The conversation always ends in giggles.

Chauncey Hofacker

I will go anywhere provided that it's forward.

Carolyn McLean

As full of sunshine as the breeze.

Gladys Winslow

As innocent as a new-laid egg.

Florence Thompson

She sways them as she will.

Ronald Corbett

A great devotee of the gospel of getting on.

Lois Schlosser

Her wit was fuse to little bombs of laughter.

Mary Ann Milne

Sympathy is never wasted.

Mary Tarr

A faithful and true friend.

Betty Minot

Happy thoughts, playful wit, and laughter.

Nancy Fee

Waiting for the right man to come along, but having a good time with the wrong ones.

Arther Bowen

Husband - a man who has lost his liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Vernon Platt

Just give me a Ford and a weekend.

Elaine Lynch

Both wise and both delightful, too.

Vicky Seaman

With hair like sunshine and heart of gold.

Elaine Collins.

A Southern belle, free and teasy on the drawl.

Dorothy Gravenor

A merry heart lives long.

Charles Lambert

Singing is a man's birthright.

Carol Bruck

So long as enthusiasm lasts, so long is youth still with us.

Robert Mahood

As relaxed as spaghetti.

Sherrill Jeffery

Talk happiness; the world is sad enough.

Marion Price

Taking her work seriously, accurate, and quick.

Gloria Kimball

She tried the luxury of doing good.

Wayne Bickerstaff

Arguing with him is like trying to blow out an electric light bulb.

Lambert Brandes

A mother's pride; a father's joy.

Bob Cox

Nothing can make life a burden to me.

Judy Kinsey

It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice.

Ross McCurdy

Tis midnight, but small thought have I of sleep.

Sid Watts

Has anyone seen my brother, George?

Carol Kaiser

What sweet delight a quiet life affords.

Joyce Whitman

The world is made for fun and frolic.

Ranae Blackwell

The world is no better if we hurry.

Rafe Dale

Eat and be merry; tomorrow we go to school.

Cliff Smith

His recipe for making friends--Be one.

Dottie Bausman

A smile is a ticket to success.

Grace Hoekstra

Between laughing and talking her day is full.

Billy Jones

All the world's a stage.

Chuck Acheson

Love is the salt of life.

Jim Rae

Dark porch and silent aisle; then comes the sound of marriage bells.

Don McKay

Life is never entirely free from calamity.

Clarence Hildreth

I will look up and laugh ^{and} at love and life.

Helen Fleagal

A sharp mind in a velvet sheath.

Alan Brady

It ain't no use putting up your umbrella till it rains.

Lois Armstrong

This is Central, "Number, please."

Liz Zollinhofer

Humor is a genial quality.

Marcella Rouse

A faithful and true friend is a living treasure.

Irene McCarty

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.

Judy Donnelly

Nothing is so strong as gentleness.

David Anderson

Much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Charlotte Shaffer

Study to be quiet.

Erma Martin

She is a woman--and therefore. . . .

Jeanette Rickards

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

Lyle Christenson

Sigh no more, girls, sigh no more.

Donna Schaefer

As merry as the day is long.

Robert Hebets ~~some~~

Sleep--~~The~~ labor's bath.

Annette Gould

The good are always merry.

Richard Ossman

Marriage is fun.

Fern Huff

From Grave to Gay--from Lively to Severe.

Helen Chilcote

A pretty woman is a welcome guest.

Roger Raisen

Doing nothing with a great deal of skill.

Art McKenzie

Knowledge is power.

Eileen Liggitt

The laughter of girls is, and ever was, among the delightful sounds of earth.

Art Collar

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

John Meisner

I lead a charmed life.

Don Rose

Live while you live, take the pleasure of the present day.

Bob Morris

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.

Libby Bowers *the*

She holdsⁿ beautiful the best.

Don Brotherton

And Thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

Blaine Jardine

His eyes begat occasion for his wit.

Barbara Jacobs

A smile like an Irish mile goes a long way.

Tom Freyse

Wit now and then, struck smartly shows a spark.

Esther Schwanke

Gentlemen prefer blondes.

Richard Palanza

The truth, and nothing but the truth.

David Lindsay

He who is firm in will molds the world to himself.

Joyce Tolzda

All art is quite useful.

Vonnie Woods

A woman who loves the simple things in life, like a man⁴.

Helen Koury

The bay is beautiful--anytime.

Virginia Penha

She knows how to disagree without being disagreeable.

K. J. Mann

She waxes desperate with imagination.

Marilyn Brynner

He who fraternizes with her perchance may get his fingers frozen.

Clayton Shaffer

Men are born free and equal, however most of them marry.

James Huggins

A bachelor is a guy who's footloose and fiancée free.

Carolyn Batchlet

Quietness, a virtue in a woman.

Dorothy Vaughn

"Seconds on vegetables?"

James Symons

So carefree, I am merry.

Beverly Beeler

Words that weep and tears that speak.

Norma Wakem

Guitar and a song, what more can one want?

Marlene Brown

She is quietly holding fast to the things that cannot fail.

John Bowen

There is nothing like a dish towel for wiping that contented look of a husband's face.

John MacLeod

Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.

Stephen Rieder

He most of all doth bathe in bliss that hath a quiet mind.

Victoria Hinson

She is gentle that doeth gentle deeds.

Ronald Lineman

Men who know much, say little.

Carol Byers

If it be work, I'll do it.

Clarence Swartz

The men that move the world are the men the world cannot move.

Donald Schlough

Of course, Greek is my favorite course.

Paul Gunsalus

There can be no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire.

Ted Minot

Thinking will make me mad; should I resort to madness?

Ray McPherson

There's mischief in this man.

Roger Good

None but himself can be his parallel.

John Flynn

Much may be made of an Irishman--if he be caught young.

Mona Burkheimer

How wise must one be, to be always kind.

Muriel Johnson

Good nature is one of the richest fruits of Christianity.

Judy Lambert

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

Betty Lou Hartley

Her wit was more than man's; her innocence a child's.

Dean McPhee

His wit shines at the expense of his memory.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Grant Swank

Lynn Riley



MOST INTELLECTUAL

Bob Cornell

Grace Hoekstra



MOST VERSATILE

Harry Foster

Elaine Lynch



FRIENDLIEST

Clarence Hildreth

Katherine Mann



MOST COLLEGIATE

Dave Anderson

Judy Lambert



MOST ATHLETIC

Richard Mann

Sherrill Jeffery



MOST TALENTED

Sid Watts

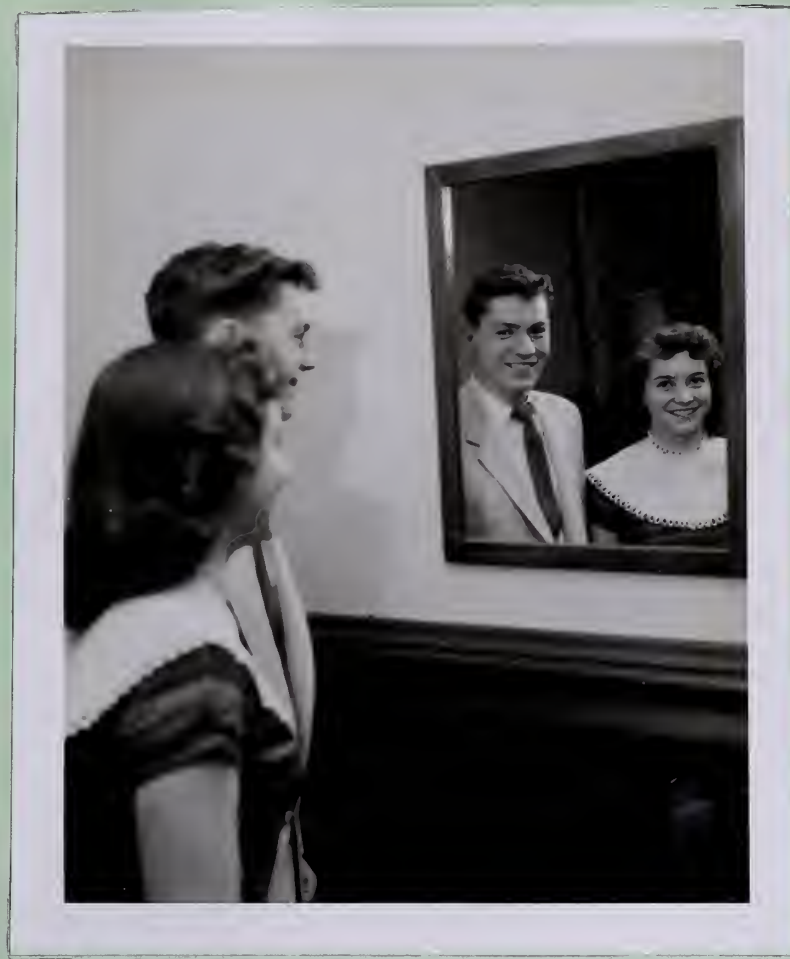
Shirley Caswell



BEST LOOKING

Chuck Acheson

Vonnie Woods



BEST DRESSED

Raphael Dale

Erma Martin



BENDER KIDS

Dwayne Byers

Meredith DeBow



